The World.

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ABROGATION IMPLIES REPEAL.

THE unanimity with which Congress indorsed the abrogation of the Russian treaty argues patriotic purpose strong enough to effect the repeal of the Chinese Exclusion law. Whatever temporary harm abrogation may work to our relations with a friendly power will be more than offset by its incentive to dealing justly with the oldest state in the world.

When Mr. Root was urging that the treaty be terminated because American Jews were not admitted to Russia, Mr. Bailey asked him how he reconciled his views with our Chinese policy. His answer was that he "would not discuss the Chinese question." Yet it must be discussed. It has already been raised in Russia's official organs. She has millions of Chinese subjects. How can we demand that she admit any of our citizens who seek admission and ourselves bar out any of her subjects here?

This question will become acute when a new treaty is negotiated. Some of our State officials believe that short of repeal of the exclusion act the problem is insoluble. In some of our treaties we have "most favored nation" clauses which bind us to extend to other nations concessions we make to one. Must not any article which asserts the rights of Americans to enter Russia regardless of race or religion concede the right of all other peoples with whom we have most favored nation treaties to enter our country? Some of the State officials are so fearful of this that they favor the omission in the new Russian treaty of any article safeguarding the rights of citizens travelling abroad. This would leave our grievance unsolved.

Is it the American way to demand justice for one Asiatic people abroad and refuse justice to another Asiatic people at home? Is our assertion of the comity of nations and the rights of man only vicarious—to be observed by others and ignored by ourselves? Why take a position that invites scoffing comment and is likely to defeat the purposes which prompted this good work at Washington? Why not follow the better American precedent—not the sand lots, but the Congress resolution of 1868, declaring that expatriation is a natural right of all people, the obstruction of which is inconsistent with republican principles?

While notifying Russia that abrogation was more than an election move, repeal of the Chinese Exclusion act would put us in shape to develop the Asiatic trade with the opening of the Panama Canal three years hence. It would give the Pacific slope the Japanese agricultural labor that the California Commissioner of Labor says it needs. It would square with sound economics and America's professions.

THE MELON BLOCKADE.

AS to the melon trade, the metropolis has been for nine years a suburb of Jersey City. This discreditable fact is disclosed in a brief filed with the Interstate Commerce Commission by Southern growers and Northern merchants. In 1902 the Pennsylvania Railroad ceased its practice of lightering melons across the North River and unloading cars itself. Dealers had to go to the Henderson street yards in Jersey City to get them. Many dealers quit. Wherefore it is prayed that this grievance be abated, or at any rate that a reduction of five cents a hundred pounds for decreased service be ordered.

Now the public knows why watermelons have been so scarce here for years past, and why cantaloupes cost more. Supplies have been sidetracked and quantity diminished because access was more difficult thereto. Jersey City has revenged itself for the humiliations of that period described by Irving when the "broad mouthed Dutch negroes of Communipaw" rowed the market boats of their masters to this island. Now Father Knickerbocker must take boat himself. Would he have a Nutmeg melon, a Hackensack Large, a Rocky Ford, a Surprise or an Osage, he must cross North River. Thither must he go for the majestic watermelon of the South—the Black Diamond, the Blue Gem, the Cuban Queen, the Duke Jones, the Florida Favorite, the Mammoth Ironclad, the Mountain Sweet, the Pride of Georgia, the Southern Rattlesnake, the Sweet Nabob and the Sugar Stick.

It is essential to the happiness of this town that cantaloupes, white, red, green or yellow, have direct entrance, and that the watermelon, spherical, elliptical or ovate, keep them company. The commission ought to see that "the best market in the country" is made such.

AN OPERA SINGER'S HUSBAND.

IN one of his best known poems Browning creates a situation difficult of solution between two men and a woman, asks the reader's answer and thus gives it up himself: "And Robert Browning, you writer of plays, here's a subject made to your hand."

What is the answer in the case of Marie Rappold, opera singer, and the husband of whom she says: "I want a divorce and have no grounds for one; he will not let me have it; he does not love me!" The couple were married when she was young, he made sacrifices to train her voice, and her success brought separation. He never calls on her, but always attends the opera when she sings and sends her flowers. "She and her friends are too high for me," he exclaims from his modest doctor's office in Brooklyn. But he will not divorce her, for fear she may marry again "and worse things come." By New York law he must degrade himself before his wife can secure her coveted freedom.

Assume that Nevada is not, what is the way out?

Picked Up Here and There.

An attachment for wall paper printing presses that will trim an irregular shaped border as it is printed has been invented.

Whaling is still a profitable enterprise in some parts of the world, though a few years ago it was believed to be on the point of extinction. A Scotch whaler recently declared a dividend of 34½ cent. Norwegian companies are also reaping enormous profits.

A machine has been patented in England for redressing worn wooden paving blocks at the rate of 1,000 an hour, so that they may be used again.

Such Is Life!

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By Maurice Ketten

The Everlasting Resolutions

By Sophie Irene Loeb

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HABITS MAY COME AND HABITS MAY GO, BUT RESOLUTIONS GO ON FOREVER.

SOPHIE IRENE LOEB

And this brings us to the De Luxe edition issue of the New Year variety. THough gone with the snows of last winter are the slippery resolutions thereof, we shall still ring out the old one and ring in the new, even though, in the words of old Omar, "lighting a little hour or two—is gone"—going on the theory that sufficient unto a day is the resolution of it.

But there is a variety that bears the TEST of the three hundred and sixty-five and needs no pickling or canning or swearing to preserve it. It is the EVERYDAY brand.

It is the kind that preserves the peace on the Fourth of July as well as on Jan. 1. It is the undercurrent of thought that directs the HOURLY action of the daily attitude toward things.

The brave, heroic resolve to "swear off" drinking, smoking, spending, or any of the other so-called vices, may bring its medal of approval—in time. But to put the worthy construction of the every-minute man-to-man transaction—there lies the secret of the real resolution that is WARRANTED TO WEAR and need not be imported for the occasion.

It is JUST AS EASY to throw the hammer of worry into the sea and get into the swim of real things; to see the present silver lining rather than the FUTURE cloud; to give the daily blossom rather than the funeral bouquet.

If John Jones gave you a lot of trouble and you had to pay his note, this year make a resolve in the direction of John, but CREATE such a spirit that even John can't make you hate him.

If you are weak, wan, weary, and things seem all huddled up in a corner, don't brood; but go to some one who loves you. Often it is a guarantee giving a new lease on life with a clear receipt at the end.

For this is the era of NOW. And the resolution, made at the time it is needed, fits the need at the time and eventually makes each of us what we are.

Thus, the thoughts that are timely today, to-morrow and always, are:

To stand up for a friend in public even though you sit down on him in private.

To promote the love of laughter rather than the frosty frown.

To create the chime of cheer rather than the dirge of discord.

To know that a penny in hand is worth ten in a will.

To learn the trait of the trusty rather than watching the watch.

To forgive the neighbor's child because you were one once yourself.

To reach the road of reform by the lane of love.

To forget how easily you could fill the boss's chair.

To reflect that the man in the automobile does not always get the spark of joy.

To realize that there's many a John D. who would exchange his old Standard for a new stomach.

To give the hireling the benefit of the doubt.

To give the handclasp of hope to the wayward one, rather than the cold shoulder of disapproval.

To mix the oil of gladness with the vinegar of sadness, so that the sauce of life may be palatable.

To lend an ear to the salt of sincerity rather than the soothing syrup of flattery.

Not to look over the human for his shortcomings, but to overlook them.

Quite Satisfied.

"So this is Dec. 21; from now on the days will begin to grow longer. Aren't you glad?"

"No, the good old twenty-four-hour day is long enough for me."

The Job of "King" Doesn't Pay So Well, After All

EUROPE'S kings are busy trying to make both ends meet. "Needs increase, but not salaries," is the wail.

Royal incomes seldom meet royal demands. Kings claim they are not as wealthy comparatively on a million a year as the peasant is on his pittance. The king has to spend over a million, while the peasant may spend half and save half of his earnings.

Kings are becoming more cramped for money each year. There are some who are more extravagant than others.

But even a modest king often finds his salary overdrawn when pay day comes, so heavy is the cost of keeping up a royal court in these days of expensive motors and a huge retinue with hands ever open. One is apt to forget that out of the large salary of the king he must pay for the expenses of the court, the upkeep of the palace and the grounds, must sometimes support many relatives, and must pay for many private charities. It takes a great deal of money to be a king and it takes a wise king to make the most of his salary.

The lack of money has been the chief trouble with kings. The late King Carlos of Portugal never had quite enough money for his needs. King Leopold was poor for a long time. The late King Victor Emmanuel was nearly always in financial difficulties. His son, King Humbert, had just finished paying the debts of his father when he was assassinated.

Nicholas, the ruler of the Black Mountains, the father-in-law of the King of Italy and King Peter of Servia, says the Chicago Tribune, is always in debt, caused by gambling.

Emperor William of Germany has many fads. He is an ardent sportsman and has special carriages constructed for his guns. He likes other outdoor sports of all kinds, too. But besides his love of sports, Emperor William has one odd fad.

Emperor William is fond of the theatre, attending frequently. Several seasons ago he spent several million marks redecorating the Theatre Royal in Berlin. Other royal theatres, too, have prospered through his patronage.

King Haakon VII. of Norway is poor, as kings go, but he is exceedingly popular with his subjects. His tastes are domestic, but he spends part of his money on ships and part on horses and in hunting.

King Frederick VIII. of Denmark is another King who prefers home pleasures to the spending of money. He is good to his people and spends large sums of money each year on public and private charities.

Here is a list of the yearly salaries received by some living rulers:

George V. of Great Britain	$2,350,000
William II. of Germany	3,698,250
Haakon VII. of Norway	180,000
Albert of Belgium	710,000
Frederick VIII. of Denmark	270,000
Nicholas II. of Russia	8,467,000
Victor Emmanuel III. of Italy	3,010,000
George of Greece	260,000
Queen Wilhelmina of Netherlands	280,000
Charles of Roumania	240,000
Peter of Servia	240,000
Mohammed V. of Turkey	4,500,000
Alphonso XIII. of Spain	1,400,000
Ferdinand of Bulkaria	280,000
Francis Joseph of Austria-Hungaria	4,250,000

The modern king is intensely human. He wears modest business suits or uniforms instead of flowing robes and eats off porcelain instead of gold, jewel inlaid plates. He is not a spectacular figure. He has too many duties to perform and too much self-respect to do the things that kings used to do as a matter of course. A king to-day has privileges, but they are the same privileges that are enjoyed by any of the many thousands of people with money the world over.

Wiley and Christmas

DR. WILEY, the sturdy and persistent friend, advocate and defender of pure food and drugs, has taken the country into his confidence in the matter of the selection of the menu for Christmas dinner, says Col. M. A. Aldrich in the Chicago Journal.

Maybe some will consider this an attempt to use official influence in opposition to local family self-government and personal liberty in a case where so much preparation is to be made and so much enjoyment is anticipated.

However, the main feature of the doctor's suggestions and recommendations is to the effect that the ordinary Christmas bill of fare in these later days contains too great variety—two many "good things" are included.

This sage philosopher and friend of the people and head of the pure food and drug department of our Government would limit the whole dinner menu to what the Southern colored brother would call "tuhkey an' fixin's"—the latter to consist of dressing, potatoes and cranberry sauce. He even regards the potatoes and cranberry sauce as something in the way of almost unnecessary concessions.

Turkey, "stuffin'," potatoes and cranberry sauce! Only these—and nothing more! No plum puddin', doctor? No mince pie? No sweet cider? Not even onions?

Yet, after all, calm consideration of the whole matter brings to mind the fact that much of the simplicity of the old-fashioned style of Christmas dinner has been lost—that, in the multiplicity of viands, the turkey has become almost secondary.

When Brillat-Savarin, noted French jurist and the greatest authority on table delicacies the world has known, came to our country, he pronounced the American turkey about the most delicious article of diet on earth. He was right.

The nation can give thanks duly and properly on a dinner diet of fewer articles than usually make up the programme.

GUESSED RIGHT.

"She left me for some motive or another."

"Probably another."—Lippincott's.

The Jarr Family

By Roy L. McCardell

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Poor Mr. Jarr Tries a Bout With the Yule Spirit.

"MRS. STRYVER wants us to send a contribution to her Christmas Tree Fund for Poor Children," said Mrs. Jarr. "I know you are always saying something unkind of Mrs. Stryver, but, as you see, she is really unselfish and charitable."

"How much should we send?" asked Mr. Jarr.

Mrs. Jarr was reading Mrs. Stryver's letter, while a pile of others in the morning mail lay beside her plate at the breakfast table. If any of those other letters were for Mr. Jarr he would get them after they had been carefully inspected by the Domestic Third Section of the Jarr family Secret Service—to wit: Mrs. Jarr herself.

"Why," read Mrs. Jarr, "she says she wishes her friends to send five dollars each. She has had her secretary write a hundred letters, as she wants her Christmas tree at the St. Vitus Hotel for homeless waifs to be finer than the Baroness von Holstein's tree for ragged wanderers, which will be at the St. Croesus. She writes: 'Mrs. Crabbit of Flatbush, that snoopy woman who is the Baroness's spy, sneered at me, little thinking I was getting up a tree for homeless waifs, when she told me the Countess had collected $300 for her tree for ragged wanderers. So I do not want a single one of my hundred friends I have selected to be remiss in the matter. At this season of charity and cheer I wish my tree for homeless waifs to be far superior to hers for ragged wanderers.'"

"How much is Mrs. Stryver going to contribute?" asked Mrs. Jarr.

"Oh, she's doing all the work, you know, and, as she says, 'Service is more than money.'"

"She might spend some money while she's contributing the service," grumbled Mr. Jarr.

"She pays her social secretary, doesn't she?" asked Mrs. Jarr. "And that poor creature has been worked so hard on this Christmas tree matter that she told Mrs. Stryver's maid, who told our Gertrude in the grocery store this morning, that she, the social secretary, had to work till midnight, and Mrs. Stryver scolded her dreadfully for not getting the photos of Mrs. Stryver in her new reception gown out to all the society editors of the Sunday papers in time this week."

"Are we to send three dollars to the Baroness's Christmas tree for ragged waifs?" asked Mr. Jarr.

"That's just it," replied Mrs. Jarr, with a puzzled air.

"If I send anything to the Baroness Mrs. Stryver will never forgive me."

"Anything else?" asked Mr. Jarr.

"Well, Mrs. Stryver asks me if I can't go around and get homeless waifs to come to the tree. It is so hard to find them on Christmas Eve. They are all home, and their parents are often rude to one."

"How does the Baroness get her ragged wanderers?" asked Mr. Jarr.

"She arranges weeks ahead by going around to the moving picture shows and telling children she'll pay their carfare to come, and give them moving picture tickets, too. So she has no trouble; she's very smart."

"I'd think the hotel might object to several hundred ragged wanderers," said Mr. Jarr.

"Oh, there's no trouble about that," said Mrs. Jarr. "They need not be ragged that night, you know. If they were the men at the hotel doors would not let them in. They know that, so they come dressed in their best. The Baroness's tree for ragged wanderers is always a big success, and columns are printed in the papers about it. Grown-up ragged wanderers are expected to come in evening dress, of course."

"The Christmas spirit!" cried Mr. Jarr.

"I should say so," was the reply. "Why, even that lazy Clara Mudridge-Smith has been running to her dressmaker's getting fitted for a new costume. She is to preside at a Lady Bountiful dinner Christmas Day for destitute chauffeurs. Her husband is getting her a pearl necklace just for the occasion. She's a patroness of the Christmas Dinner for Destitute Chauffeurs. She's contributed $20, let alone what her necklace and new costume and furs will cost. She wants us to send five or ten dollars, too."

"Does old Mrs. Dusenberry want anything for her charities?" asked Mr. Jarr.

"No," said Mrs. Jarr, "she says her clothes aren't good enough to do charitable work. And, anyway, she's nursing Tony the bootblack's wife, who is very ill. Mrs. Stryver is angry at her. She expected five dollars from Mrs. Dusenberry, but the stubborn old thing spent half her pension money this month paying the rent of a poor family in the basement of the house she lives in. She says she needs the rest of her money to make Christmas pleasant for an old lady named Dusenberry. Well, what are we going to do?"

"We are going to donate our spare funds on a Christmas tree and a Christmas dinner to a middle class family in straightened circumstances, named Jarr. But there'll be room around the tree and the dinner table for a plain old widow woman named Dusenberry!" said Mr. Jarr.

And it was so voted.

Why People Dream and What Their Dreams Mean

THE mind is active while the body sleeps. Dreaming is the plainest indication of this fact. The dream the mind really experiences is much different from what it records when the body becomes conscious. Even in somnambulism it is unusual for men and women to have any recollection upon awakening. This is because thinking done when the body rests is different than that done when the body is active. The unusual pictures and objects seen in dreams have made some of the great pictures, poems, musical compositions and books of the world.

The mind is so active when it is supposed to be asleep that if the motor co-ordinations are not cut off somnambulism takes place, the body responds to the command of the brain, without the person ever realizing it.

Sleep and dreaming have even more significance, according to the opinion of Havelock Ellis, Prof. Nacke and Mme. de Manaceine. For it is then that character, desires and hopes show themselves more than when people are awake.

It is rather startling to hear that man thinks as intelligently asleep as awake, but no less a authority than Sir Arthur Mitchell admits that thinking is essential to life, says the Chicago Tribune. Thinking when we sleep may be different than when we are awake, but the process goes on just the same. Man cannot think unless he is alive, and he cannot be alive without thinking.

Dreams are not as confused as we think. They become confused from the standpoint of memory, but are not from the point of the dream organ. Memory half-blurred in trying to recall them makes dreaming seem confused. Dreams born under normal conditions are normal, it is only those that are created under abnormal conditions that are strange. For as Cicero said: "It cannot be doubted the number of true dreams would be greater if we were to fall asleep in a better condition: filling ourselves with wine and flesh obscures our dreams."

Carl du Prel holds that every individual has two consciousnesses rising and sinking like the weights of the scale. These are in alternation awaking and sleeping. "Potentially the dream consciousness is present even in waking," he says, "and the waking consciousness in dreams, just as the light of the stars is present when the sun shines, but is first visible when the sun sets. Were the light not so weak in most of us it would never have been necessary to have written on the temple of Delphi, 'Know thyself,' and Plato would not have said that 'most men only dream, the philosopher alone strives to awake.'"

Mozart more than any other musician said that he was at his best when dreaming or in this stage of thinking. As he once told a friend: "When I am all right and in good spirits either in a carriage or walking and at night when I cannot sleep thoughts come streaming at their best. The things which occur to me I keep in my head and hum them to myself. If I stick to it there soon come one after another useful crumbs for the pie, according to counterpoint, harmony, &c. This now inflames my soul, which keeps growing and expanding, and all the invention and construction go on as in a dream."

Honesty in Business Pays.

THE line dividing keen business from dishonesty is perfectly distinct.

But nearly half a century spent in business has left me convinced that it does not even pay to be dishonest and to do things in commercial life which a gentleman's ordinary sense of honor would keep him from doing in private life.

The city man recognizes at once the difference between an advantage to be used and an advantage not to be taken. Your business rival is not going to give away anything to you, says Banker Alfred de Rothschild, according to the Chicago Tribune.

But you also expect that he will conform to the rules of the game, playing along certain recognized lines of honorable conduct.

If you know something that other people don't know, you have a perfect right to use that knowledge for your own ends. No stock broker goes and publishes to the world private information that is going to put him at an advantage in the markets.

But then, again, while the rules and customs of the stock and money markets are well recognized and acted upon, shifty dealing is at once marked down.

You can be dishonest once, but not twice. No one will deal with you if your reputation has been stained.

And it is so much simpler to be straightforward. Trickery wants learning, and is worthless from a pecuniary point of view when you have learned it, for it loses you in reputation far more than you will ever gain in cash.

The ethics of business are quite as definite and binding as in any of the professions. Some professions I could name would suffer by comparison.

"All of Fashion."

LADY WARD, wife of Sir Joseph Ward, premier of New Zealand, says that English women wear the best material in their clothes, but do not make the best use of it. She objects particularly to the fact that their clothes are all of a fashion, the personal note being seldom struck. This she attributes to a lack of self-confidence on the part of English women.